WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

Reminiscences of a Detached Volunteer

in a Regular Battery.

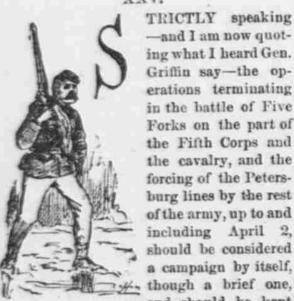
BEGINNING OF THE END.

A General Who Heard the First and Last Gun of the War.

FORCED MARCHING

The Last of the Gallant Army of Northern Virginia.

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-and I am now quoting what I heard Gen. Griffin say-the operations terminating in the battle of Five Forks on the part of the Fifth Corps and forcing of the Petersof the army, up to and

But this is not what I set out to do. My purpose in this number of the sketch is to give the

"ITINERARY" OF THE FIFTH CORPS from Five Forks to Appomattox Courthouse.

called "Ford's Meeting House." Ayres's quire affidavits before I will believe it. Division was leading, and they pushed out

eral and his staff occupying the house and out-buildings. This was the last night that Gen. Griffin slept under cover until the night after Lee surrendered. I did not get much rest until midnight, being employed in communicating between Gen. Griffin and Gen. Crawford, whose division was pushed out to the Namozine Creek, about three miles, to support Merritt's Cavalry Division, who



THE WHITE FLAG.

thought that the enemy was gathering in their front in force, between the creek crossing and the Appomattox River. Gen. Crawthe cavalry, and the ford was a very particular man about orders, and he always gave staff officers and Orderburg lines by the rest | lies a good deal of trouble, though doubtless no more than his responsibilities required. including April 2, But he was very different from either GEN. AYRES OR GEN. BARTLETT,

a campaign by itself, who frequently only glanced at an order, though a brief one, and, unless it was very important, simply and should be kept said verbally, "Report to Gen. Griffin that to Amelia Courthouse, or Amelia Springs, mattox campaign "proper. The General used | past two!" or whatever time it may have to say that the reason for this was the fact been. But Gen. Crawford would read it that we could force him to halt and face were designed to compel Lee to abandon his of it, and then, as a rule, write a letter back thing up, as there could be no doubt of the and they had the desired effect. Whereas | would involve a reply or a further order ex- to annihilate what was left of Lee's army the subsequent movements ending at Appo- plaining the first one, all of which might (then estimated at about 38,000 to 40,000 mattex Courthouse were designed to capture easily keep a staff officer or courier riding effective) if we could get a fair clatter at and destroy Lee's army itself after it was all night. I think Gen. Crawford, though them in the open. forced out into the open. Gen. Griffin was doubtless a gallant officer, had a mania for always enthusiastic about the military logic | writing. At any rate he kept me going of those joint campaigns, and he considered till after midnight April 3, and toward her back badly swollen. During the prethat the handling of their forces by Grant, the last I could see that Gen. Griffin was vious day I had had to ford Flat Creek Meade, Sheridan and the corps commanders getting out of patience, as I had to wake was equal to anything in the annals of war. bim up once with a return message from He never tired of praising the joint opera- Gen. Crawford, However, though Gen. tions of Humphreys and Wright with the Crawford was peculiar, and to a great extent galled her. She was nothing but a pony, Second and Sixth Corps, resulting in the unpopular with his brother officers, he had battle of Sailor's Creek and the destruction | the distinction of having seen and heard the of Ewell's Corps, April 6. Our Fifth Corps first and last gun of the rebellion fired, had nothing to do with this affair, but Gen. having been under fire at Fort Sumter and Griffin was just as enthusiastic about it as if at Appomottox Courthouse-a distinction he had done it all himself. He got a full ac- which, I believe, he enjoyed all by himself, count of it when we halted near old Hamp- having no one to share it with him. The den-Sydney College, the night of April 7 chief interest I took in Crawford's Division (generally termed in the official reports at this time was that it contained the sole knee! But I got on top of her, and when I | Corps "Prince Edward Courthouse"). On that surviving remnants of the old Iron Brigade occasion our headquarters were a total wreck | -the undying 6th and 7th Wis., which, with as far as wagons, pack-mules and officers' the 91st N. Y., a regiment from my own servants were concerned. He said that State, formed the First Brigade of the Divisso far as his reading of military history ion, under command of Col. Kellogg. I do enabled him to judge, Wright and Hum- not know why it was, but I always had a phreys, at Sailor's Creek, enjoyed the distinc- much greater affection for the men of those tion of having captured the largest number | three Wisconsin regiments-2d, 6th and 7th of prisoners on a battlefield, without terms | -than for any troops from my own State of of capitulation, that was recorded in history. New York; in fact, I liked them more, and was infinitely better acquainted in their

About 7 a. m. April 4 Capt. Vanderbilt with such observations on the movement | Allen came with an order from Gen. Sheriand operations of the co-operating troops as dan directing Gen. Griffin to put the Fifth my connection with corps headquarters Corps in motion for Jetersville, where he enabled me to see and know. And here I was expecting to block Lee's pathway, the will digress for a moment to say that, in idea then being that Lee would pull for writing this sketch, I have been grieved that Danville, and Jetersville was on that route. I should be compelled to almost entirely Capt. Allen said verbally to Gen. Griffin: ignore the magnificent old Second Corps. I "General, Sheridan says tell the Fifth Corps saw much of the First, Fifth and Sixth Corps. boys that he wants them to 'send themselves' but hardly anything of the Second. The for every particle of leg-power they've got, only time I ever actually saw the troops of because he expects to stop Lee's infantry the Second Corps fight was when Sprigg Car- advance there with his cavalry, and wants roll's Brigade came over to help us on the support as quick as he can get it." As it was north front of Cemetery Hill the second | 32 miles by the roads from our bivouac at evening of Gettysburg. Naturally I always | Williamson's to Jetersville, it will be seen "measured up" the Second Corps by the that this was to be no slouch of a forced performance of that brigade, which, as a march; particularly in April rains, with matter of course, set its standard of action | mud ankle deep, and all the creeks flooded, "away up in the nineties" in my estimation | with hardly a bridge left on the route. The "out of a possible hundred," because I never situation will be sufficiently understood saw anything to beat it! But I beg my com- when I say that the route from Williamrades of the Second Corps to bear with me son's to Jetersville was totally impassable if I fail to give them their due credit, for the for either the fighting trains or the batsimple reason that I hardly ever saw them | teries, all of which were left behind by our

camps than in the camp of my own volun-

About daylight April 2, 1865, the Fighh "FOOT CAVALRY" OF THE FIFTH CORPS. Corps moved by the Ford road north from Well, we left Williamson's at 7 a. m., and Five Forks and advanced up that road at 4 p. m. Bartlett deployed his division about five miles to Ford's Crossroads, which | (formerly Griffin's) across the Danville Railwas the place where the Ford road and the road, about half a mile in advance of Jeters-Cox road crossed. Here the corps halted ville Station, having covered the 32 miles about 10 or 11 o'clock, and Gen. Griffin made in nine hours. Maybe somebody has seen inhis headquarters at a little charch or chapel fantry marching to beat that, but I shall re-

At this point Col. Newhall came from Gen. eastwardly on the Cox road toward Suther- Sheridan with a message, saying that the land's Station, on the South Side Railroad, cavalry advance had struck the flankers of but had not gone more than a mile when Lee's infantry about five miles north of our Gen. Griffin sent a message to Gen. Ayres, then position, and that he (Sheridan) was which caused that officer to counter- satisfied that Lee was concentrating at Amemarch his division; and the whole corps, lia Courthouse, which was not more than moving by its other flank, marched rapidly three miles from the point then occupied by up what was called the Namozine road, Sheridan's Cavalry skirmishers. Col. Newleading to the Appomattox River. This hall said Sheridan did not expect the Fifth change of direction of the Fifth Corps was Corps to march any further on that day, but in consequence of Gen. Merritt's Cavalry suggested that it might be well for Griffin to Division encountering the enemy in some take up and intrench a line calculated to force where the Namozine road forks with hold the Jetersville position till the rest of the river road, and it was thought that this the infantry could come up, in case Lee, force was the head of column of Lee's in- finding he had only the cavalry and the fantry retreating from Richmond and Peters- Fifth Corps to deal with, should attempt to burg. However, they did not turn out to be dislodge them from his pathway the next in heavy force, and Gen. Griffin being ad- morning, saying, also, that we could not vised by Sheridan that the enemy would absolutely depend on the Second and Sixth probably push for Amelia Courthouse, and Corps to be up before noon or night the that he desired him to take up a line at next day (5th), so that we might have to Jetersville the next day, orders were given fight Lee's whole army there if he continued for the corps to bivouac where they were, to retreat in that direction and should atand be in readiness to march at 4 the tempt to force his passage. Consequently next morning (April 3). This bivouse was our boys, after a forced march of 32 miles

up to their necks, turned to and before dark had their position quite nicely intrenched on a line covering Jetersville on the north and refused to the left, the whole making a line over a mile and a quarter long! Bartlett's and Ayres's Divisions held the line of the Danville Railroad northeast of Jetersville, forming the right and center of the Fifth Corps line of battle, while Crawford came up about 6 p. m. and occupied the part of the line on the left that was refused. In this

shape the corps bivouacked for the night. On this particular occasion, just as the General was falling asleep, Gen. Bartlett rode into our bivouac, and he and Griffin had quite a talk in undertones, which I could not make out altogether, but of which I heard enough to know that it referred to the dispositions that Gen. Crawford had made of his troops, which left a gap between his flank and that of the next division. The result of this was that Griffin told Bartlett to correct that as well as he could, but not to bother Crawford, as it might set him to writing dispatches, which, as it was quite late, and he (Griffin) was very tired, would be inconvenient.

During the 5th of April, and until 3 a. m. on the 6th, we remained in this position at Jetersville. Meantime the Second and Sixth Corps got up about nightfall on the 5th and went into position, the Second Corps extending our line to the left toward Amelia Courthouse, and the Sixth forming close in our right rear. Then we felt safe enough.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning of the 6th of April Col. Whittier, of the general staff, and Capt. Pease, Gen. Meade's personal Aid-de-Camp, came up with important orders all along the line. The purport of these orders was that the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps should move at once flank, while the cavalry would stop him, so

We were all astir in a few minutes. When I went to saddle up my little mare I found several times, where the water came up over the saddle, and the wetting of the saddleblanket with hard riding afterward had and much too light for me in that kind of service, as I then weighed over 160 pounds, though only 19 years old. So I got another and larger mare from the General's escort.

and also a holy terror. When I went to saddle her she nearly bit a chunk out of my teft shoulder, and when I prepared to mount she whirled and almost kicked the cap off my right once felt solid in the saddle I said, "Now, my young lady, if we have a fight or a forced march to-day I will take some of those songs out of you!" I can see her now, shaking her pretty head and chawing that big snaffle bit. (The General would not permit her to be ridden with

The Fifth Corps now led the procession, forming the right of the army, Bartlett's Division in advance, Ayres next and Crawford third. About daylight April 6 we struck a cross roads called Hall's shop, from an old blacksmith shop there, but did not find the enemy. The expectation on which the plan of this movement was based was that we would strike the flank of Lee's column at this crossteer regiment. But I am always getting off roads, as they were supposed to be moving on the general route toward Danville from Amelia Courthouse. But as it turned out they had deflected, and so, as the Fifth Corps kept on toward Deatonsville, it slid by Lee's flank, leaving Wright and Humphreys, with the Sixth and Second Corps, to fight the Battle of Sailor's Creek, while we marched to Ligonton Ferry during the day, a clean stretch of 35 miles, from our bivouse at or near Jetersville, I might remark that "Miss Kitty" was quite docile when we got to Ligonton Ferry that

> The Corps halted about half a mile from the Ferry and bivouacked in the fields and groves overlooking the river about dark. All the infantry appeared to be in good heart, and as I rode through their bivounce that night delivering messages to the Division Commanders, I could not see that they were the least bit "done up," as the English say, by the unheard of forced marching they had done. I cannot be-



OLD BRIGADE," gin to find words to express the admirationnay, the homage I felt for those heroic "dough boys," who had footed it that day 35 miles in 10 hours, and who were now, at nightfall, gathering round fires of rails and limbs of trees boiling coffee in their tin cups, roasting pieces of salt pork on the ends of sticks or ramrods, their caps set on the backs of their heads, their pantaloons-legs tucked in their boots, or more often into their old gray army socks, -for many of the infantry wore shoes instead of boots-all soiled with mud and battered, but all "fat, ragged and sassy."

Ah well, it was only once in a lifetime-and comparatively few lifetimes at that-when one could see in flesh and blood and nerve and pluck and manhood that immortal old Fifth Corps on its way to Appomattox! On its way, keeping step and step with Sheridan's cavalry,

to get ACROSS THE PATH OF LEE'S ARMY! During these terrible forced marches of the Fifth Corps Gen. Griffin's wonderful power in | it was some infantry of Griffin's Old First Didealing with soldiers, and his marvelous tact in cheering men on to incredible exertions, became manifest. If that noble man had a fault, it was his apparent incapacity to understand road to find Bartlets I learned from some of that there was a limit to human endurance. the men of Gregory's brigade—I don't remem-He was a b undle of wires himself, and I have no doubt that his reckless exposure of himself that I noticed, only I recollect that they were

years after the war.

In those marches we would be riding along the flank of the column, and the General would see a dozen or so of stragglers by the ing a young lieutenant of the 188th N. Y., side of the road. He would then rein up his horse and call out to them: "Hello, there! What is the matter with

you fellows?" "Clean tuckered out, General; can't march

another step! "Look here, boys," the General would reply; don't you know that we have got old Lee on the run, and our corps and the cavalry are try-ing to head him off? If he escapes from us old Sherman and his bummers will eatch him and get all the glory, and we won't have anything to show for our four years' fighting! Try it once more! Get up and pull out and rejoin your commands. Don't flicker this way at the last moment "

Then you would see those old fellows straighten up and pull themselves together and shoulder their muskets, and they would look at one another and say: "By ---, boys, that's so. The General is

right. It will never do to let OLD BILLY AND HIS BUMMERS

catch Lee's army. They are our meat, and we must have them ourselves!" Then they would begin tramping through the mud again, and Griffin would ride on to find some other squad of stragglers, and go

through the same sermon over again. It made no difference how tired or faint or sore an Army of the Potomac man might be, he couldn't endure the thought of letting Lee's army get away, so that those Western fellows would catch him and get the glory of winding the thing up.

When I was riding along with the escort I used to wish that I could dismount and give up my horse to every one of those poor, exhausted, but brave and determined infantry comrades, who were actually "falling by the wayside"; but who, when their pride was stirred by the thought that Sherman's army might usurp the fruits of their toils and sufferings of four long years, took a new lease of life and strength, and staggered on once more toward Appointatox and the end! No one who did not see them can form the faintest idea of

what they did and dared and suffered! At daybreak April 7, or a little before, Gen. Sheridan, who was then at Prince Edward old courthouse with Merritt's Cavalry Division, separate in military history from the "Appo- you delivered this order about 20 minutes about three miles beyond, and attack Lee's sent his brother, Col. Mike Sheridan-who, by the way, rode nearly all night-to tell Griffin and there await further orders. I always had that the movements ending in Five Forks over, note the time of its receipt on the back us. This, it was believed, would wind the a great faucy for Col. Mike Sheridan. He seemed to be the perfection of the rough-andready "Irish trooper," always on hand, jolly, fortifications and evacuate the rebel Capital, to the corps commander, which in turn ability of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps tireless, reckless; in short, a born soldier. His ways were somewhat rough and his language sometimes more forcible than polite, but everybody noticed that Cel. Mike always "got there," and everybody liked him. When be reached Griffin that morning he was covered with mud from head to foot, dressed in the uniform of a private gavalryman, with no insignia of his rank except his captain's bars on the collar of his jacket (he was only a Captain in the Regular Army, though a volunteer Colonel, and be always were the marks of his Regular rank).

> The march from Liganten to Prince Edward was about 28 or 30 miles, and we made it in about eight hours, halting along the Prospect road, with Corps headquarters near the Old College (Hampden-Sydney), just before dark. On arriving at Prince Edward Gen. Griffin had received information on his own account. which satisfied him that Lee was moving by the river roads towards Appomattox, and that consequently the Fifth Corps at Prince Edward was a little too far south to be within striking distance in the coup de grace, which evidently must happen in a few days, or even hours. Griffin's whole idea was that the old Fifth

> MUST BE IN AT THE DEATH. Just at this time he received information that Gen. Gibbon, with two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, had preceded him, moving as they did by a shorter route from Petersburg. and that they would camp that night at Pros-

pect Station, on the South Side Railroad, which was perhaps six miles northwest from the posttion where our corps halted. Gen. Gibbon had also sent a personal message to Griffin, stating that his command would

move before daylight on the 8th toward Appomattax Station, distance about 38 or 40 miles, and suggesting that his information was that if they could reach that point by the morning of the 9th they would get across Lee's pathway, and therefore wind up the whole business. I believe that when the Fifth Corps halted

near Prospect Station the idea was that there would be no necessity for a movement before | thing to eat!" daylight on the 8th. But for some reason Griffin determined to join Gibbon, or at least to get up even with him, and so the whole of the Fifth Corps was up before daylight. This movement practically made two separate wings or columns of the forces under Gen. Grantthe Second, Sixth and some part of the Ninth and Twenty-fifth Corps following Lee on the Farmville road, while Sheridan, with most of Fifth and two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps, moved by the roads from Prince Edward to Appomattox Station to get in front of Lee and head him off. During the 8th of April the Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps marched about 35 miles and halted about 9 p. m. The head of column, which I think was Turner's Division, of Gibbon's Corps, was now about eight miles southeast of Appomattox Station, on the road leading from Prospect Station to that place, and keeping generally on the north side of the railroad. Sometime during the night of April 8, or very early in the morning of the 9th, word came from Sheridan that he had got across Lee's path west of Appomattox Courthouse with his two little divisions of Cavalry, and that he did not know how long he could hold the enemy's infautry if they attacked him at daylight; but he would do the best he could, and urging Gibbon and Griffin to get to him as quick as they could. These messages caused the tired troops to be started again about 3 o'clock in the morning of

leading, came in sight of our Cavalry, which was just beginning to retire before a skirmishline of the enemy's infantry on the line of the Lynchburg road. The enemy also had three or four guns is position on the elevation west or southwest of Appamattox Courthouse. I cannot recollect that any artillery of ours was in position west of the Courthouse on the morning of April 9, and I will not chance an assertion on that point one way or the other. I have heard a comrade who was in Winslow's (Richardson's) Old Battery D. 1st N. Y., then commanded by Lieut. Deloss Johnson, declare that they were up and in position

READY TO GO IN BATTERY. when the white flag was shown in the edge of the woods as Bartlett's skirmishers began to advance. I have also heard and read animated disputes as to whether Gregory's or Pearson's (formerly Bartlett's) Brigade deployed first to support the Cavalry. And not more than two years ago, while on a visit to my old home near Binghamton, N. Y., I heard two veteran com-rades—one from the 83d Pa., of Bartlett's old brigade, and the other from the 188th N. Y., of Gregory's—dispute for two hours, and spoil most of the brown wrapping paper in a country grocery store drawing alleged "maps," to demonstrate each that it was his regiment which first showed to the enemy the skirmishline of Yankee "dough-boys" that made him

wave his white rag.

I therefore say that I cannot attempt to settle any of these small details; but I do know that vision, Fifth Corps, then commanded by Joe Bartlett, that deployed to relieve the Cavalry. And I also know that when I was sent up the in and about the Williamson farin, the Genin nine hours in the mud, and wading creeks always did just like a common soldier, was the lower time and about the Williamson farin, the Genin nine hours in the mud, and wading creeks always did just like a common soldier, was the lower time and soldier.

cause of his breakdown and early death two that Bartlett had met a rebel general in the edge of the woods or grove, and that they had ridden off together in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse. And I also recollect seewhose name I never knew, being brought back mortally wounded, even while the white flag was fluttering. As the 188th belonged to Gregory's brigade, it would seem that that brigade must have been at the front in some shape that fateful morning. But, as I said before, I cannot become a party to any of these regimental controversies. They were all there anyhow every man of the Fifth Corps-and I will not attempt to decide any question of precedence

There was one incident, however, which was related to me by one of Bartlett's Orderlies, as follows: When the white flag was shown Bartlett rode out toward their skirmish-line, attended only by an Orderly or two. At a point where the road ran through an old fence he encountered a Confederate officer, a Captain or Major, I think, the Orderly said, who came forward, offering his sword, and saying: "I surrender the remnant of Corse's old Virginia

Bartlett replied : "I accept the surrender of the remnant of Corse's Brigade, but I have no use for that sword, and I don't suppose you will have any further use for it, either, except as a memento. You had better put it in its scabbard and keep it there! But where are your General officers?" Just at that minute, my informant said, Gen. Gordon appeared, and he and Bartlett rode off together toward the courthouse. I did not see this, but relate it as it was told to me.

I cannot exactly recall the hour of the day at which I first saw the white flag on the little rise of ground northeast of Gregory's position, and I have noticed that there is a difference of



time between the various historical accounts of it, written by Gens, Grant, Sheridan and Humphreys. My service as mounted Orderly had trained me to be very

PRECISE ABOUT MATTERS OF TIME, and I was always instructed to look at my watch, or get the time from whatever brigade or division commander I carried a dispatch to, and note the same carefully in my Orderly note-book. I suppose that if I had caught up with Gen. Bartlett on that occasion I would have noted the time in my book to a minute by the watch; but as he had gone on to Appomattox Courthouse, I turned back, and, as before stated, went over among the men of Gregory's Brigade to make inquiries as to what

Within a very short time after the white rag fluttered nearly all our corps and division commanders, and some of the brigade commanders. went over to the courthouse from our side-Sheridan, Griffin, Gibbon, Ord, Custer, Bartlett and several others-where they found Gens. Grant, Meade, Humphreys, Wright, Seth Williams, and I do not know how many more, but I should say 30 or 40, from the other wing of the army, who had come up on the other (northeast) side of the courthouse.

Considering that this was the greatest surrender of history, and the concluding scene of the most terrible of wars, I think that the duties which Gen. Griffin imposed upon me were of a rather unheroic character. He sent me ingloriously to the rear, down toward Appomatter Station, to bunt up the servants and pack-mules of the corps headquarters, as we had no wagons, except a few ambulances and carts, and instructed he to "whoop up some-

I always regretted this exceedingly, as I was desirous of staying with the General over at the Courthouse, and thus witnessing the final scenes. However, I had got a glimpse of the the McLean House, and had seen Lee's Orderly holding his horse in the dooryard, while his chief and our chief were negotiating the terms of the great surrender indoors. But, as I had to go back nearly three miles to carry out Gen. the Cavalry, and Griffin and Gibbon, with the Griffin's orders, and had to go at once before Lee came out of the house, I did not get a chance to see him there.

Riding back through the woods along the old Lynchburg road, which the inhabitants call the "South road," I soon came out to the point where the flag of truce was first shown. The woods or grove was full of the Johnnies, who had stacked their arms and were loafing about on the ground. Several of them, seeing that I came from the direction of the Courthouse, halted me to inquire, "Say, Yank, swollen river, while the snows and rains of what's the news? They say Marse Robert has surrendered. Is that so ?"

I told them that to the best of my knowledge it was, and that I had seen our officers and theirs in large numbers going into a house near the Courthouse, apparently for a conference. When I got to our line-as the two lines were

still maintained at that time, though all the muskets were stacked on both sides-our fel-I gave them all the information I had, which | and cannon shook the New England cities and the 9th of April. Considering their condition | was the same that I had given the Johnnies, as | towns; but, frozen and dying, hundreds lay on they marched rapidly, and between 8 and 9 a. above stated. Then I rode rapidly back to find the red snow of the battlefield. the headquarter mules and whoop up the negroes. I found the headquarter outfit at the house of a man named Wright, about half a mile between the station and the courthouse being about two-and-a-half or three miles. After consisting of four pack-mules, one ambulance and two or three country carts-in motion, and impressing the General's cook with the necessity of "prompt and vigorous action," I rode back again toward our infantry line. By this time it was 12:30, or maybe 1 o'clock. So far as the main Army of the Potomac-Second and Sixth Corps and detachments concerned, the little village or hamlet where the negotiations were going on was between their picket-line and that of the rear guard of Lee's army, consisting of Field's Division, of Longstreet's old Corps. But on our line-Fifth and Twenty-fourth Corps, and the cavalry southwest and west of the courthouse-the picket-

STILL FACED EACH OTHER, though "at rest "-and, as it proved, at rest for-ever-still faced each other in the groves and fields between the road leading to Appomattox Station and the main Lynchburg pike, this ground forming the Le Grand, Inge, Trent and Wright farms.

About half way between the station and the Courthouse, just after you pass Inge's house going toward the Courthouse, the Prospect road forks with the one I was on, and here I found four of the Fifth Corps batteries. They were old D, of the 1st N. Y., (Winslow's and afterward Richardson's, but then commanded by Lieut, Deloss Johnson); the equally famous old H, 1st N. Y., with gallant Charley Mink still at its head; Griffin's old D, 5th U. S., then commanded by Lieut. Rawles, and, of course,

Battery B, 1st N. Y., but it was on hand on another part of the line, under command of Capt. Bob Rodgers. It did me a great deal of DI W good to see these old and famous batteries " in at the death" after their four years of battle; but I felt sorry that Capt. Charley Phillips and his equally good and famous old 5th Mass, could not have been in line with the Fifth Corps at Appomattox, it having been detached and put in the reserve when we left the trenches on the 28th of March.

I suppose in fairness I must confess that Griffin's old Battery D was "entitled to take the cake" here, because it had been at the first Bull Run, and was now on hand at Appomattox, while our own old B had to take second place to that record. However, I felt that we had record enough, even if we hadn't been at the first Bull Run! Frank and I had some goodnatured chaff about this that evening, in which I admitted that their battery had been at the first Bull Run, etc., but got even on the fact that ours had been at Buena Vista before theirs was ever thought of! (The 5th Art. not having been organized until 1861.)

But, on the whole, I thought it was peculiarly appropriate that these four most famous and oldest batteries of the Fifth Corps-Griffin's, Stewart's, Mink's and Winslow's (or Richardson's)-should have been selected out of the whole Artillery Brigade to be on hand at Appomattox! It may be interesting to remark that there were in our old battery at this moment three men who had been with it in Albert Sydney Johnson's Utah expedition of 1857, and who had helped fight it in every battle of the Army of the Potomac from the second Bull Run to the end, except when they might have been absent, wounded. They were Orderly-Serg't Henry C. Moore, Line Serg't Jas. Maher and Line Serg't Peter Wilsey. There was also one of the veteran Wisconsin volunteers, Fred Dettloff-the only one of the original detached

volunteers still present. These four I suppose I may call the "Roster of the stayers, from away back." The others were all good men, but mostly recruits who had joined since I left the battery the previous July, and I did not know many of them. Among those I remember were Corpl's Pat Follis and Ben De Lannoy, Bugier Max Reese and Bennett, Hill, Alexander, Ludlow, Eph. Crocker, Erringer, Daniels, Majors, etc. [To be continued.]

FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. THE EMPTY SLEEVE,

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, O.

I stood and watched the gallant ranks With martial tread sweep by. And here and there I plainly saw The soldier's moistoned eye. The stirring past of twenty years Appeared a distant dream,

Until I saw an empty cuff

Sewed to a shoulder-seam. Before me was the sacrifice That on our altars bled : The sturdy arm that filled the sleeve Had moldered with the dead. Perchance the bloom of Georgia's fields Is blushing where it lies: Perhaps Virginia's sacred sod

Holds it an honored prize. A frosted head, an empty sleeve-Ah! what a tale they tell Of the midnight march, the wild foray, The battle's lurid hell! The parting kiss, the last embrace, The arming for the strife. The hurried march, in the flush of youth,

For a menaced Nation's life. Doff your hat to the missing arm! Houor the dangling blue; If it had not bled, ah! what would be This lovely land to you? The Stars and Stripes beside the pines-Above Nevada's snows-The same proud flag beside the sea

Where the orange blossom blows! Ah! greater than the Legion's cross On breast of Marshal true, And grander than King Henry's crest Is the empty sleeve of blue! No crown was in the scales of war When that good arm was lost; A Nation was the prize it won,

And countless tears the cost. With pride I watched the gallant ranks Go by the other day; The empty sleeve in silence told How heroes met the gray. The stirring tife, the rattling drum, Made music on the air, And over them in glory waved Our banner proud and fair,

I know not where the good arm lies, On land or 'neath the sea: I know but this-I ask no more-

'Twas lost for you and me. If you had watched the noble ranks With me you could believe That the proudest badge a man can wear Is a soldier's empty sleeve!

FORT DONELSON'S GHOST. An Apparition Which General Grant Welcomed to

lighting up the thick woods just beyond the plies from the country. I have heard them Tennessee; the gunboats were hurrying up the February turned to ice; and the first day of lem, where the negro insurrection had octhe terrible battle at Fort Donelson the sud- enred under Nat Turner. Men of Pickett's den change of weather brought to the soldiers agonies of cold and suffering.

The fight lasted three long days. Shot and shell were poured into the Tennessee River, the | still remained nailed on a post at the forks gunboats driven back with heavy losses, but Grant's fearless men kept up the siege until the fort surrendered. After the victory the whole lows were equally desirous to learn the news. North was exultant. The bells rang joyfully, the insurrection having occurred so many

Mother Bickerdyke, the famous Union nurse had followed her "boys" Southward, had blessed them as they went out in morning to northeast of Appomattox Station, the distance | battle, made them barrels of good Government coffee, and as well as possible, without houses or hospitals, prepared for their return. This suitably "whooping up" the colored servants, was her first sight of the battlefield, and she and putting the "headquarter supply train"— told me that none afterward so overcame her. After the wounded had been cared for with all the small comforts she had, and the exhausted officers had fallen asleep, somebody noticed a bright light moving quickly over the dark, deserted field, where the dead were still

lying, awaiting burial when it should be light. One officer after another looked out, and word passed down the line, "Go and see what it is." of others northeast of the courthouse-were General Grant himself, wrapped in his blanket, stood outside his tent, while his Orderly fellowed the ghost across the snow, and the terrified men huddled close together over the campfires, whispering that "the spirits were walking about." Nobody spoke aloud. The bitter wind whistled across the broken fences, and through the icy rattling branches of trees, as the Orderly returned.

"Well," said he to the General, "it is only Mother Bickerdyke, sir, with her big lantern: here she comes.' Gen. Grant touched her on the shoulder as she came up and asked in a low voice, "Is anything wrong, mother?"

"Oh, no!" she replied; "but you see, General, after I got the poor fellows bound up, and full of warm broth and coffee, I couldn't, some way, feel satisfied till I was sure, by my own eyesight, that nobody was lying out there in the so I've just looked 'em all over and made sure -but they are dead, quite dead, poor boys!" She swung her lantern bravely along toward her row of tents, while Gen. Grant, worn and haggard, wrapped his blanket about him, and said to a staff officer close by: "So that's the ghost! I wish the country was full of just

V * CX-NO. 34-WHOLE NO. 450.

the War. OLD SALEM CHURCH

An Old Virginian's Experience During

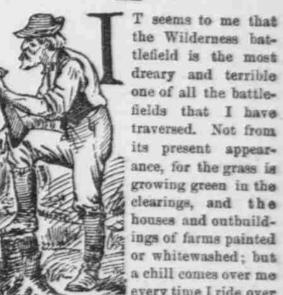
Battlefields of Wilderness and

Spottsylvania.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Marye's Hights where Sedgwick Did Heavy Fighting.

BY WM. E. DOYLE, STEVENSBURG, VA.



a chill comes over me every time I ride over the turnpike east from Locust Grove to the crossroads at the old Wilderness Tavern. I involuntarily find myself thinking of probably the most mournful air that I ever heard, sung by a Federal soldier in whose face a shell had exploded, making him a most pitiable sight. He was going back on the pike toward Locust Grove, and had probably been wounded two days, as this was the 8th of



GIVING THE WOUNDED MAN TOBACCO. directed to go back on the road to where he would meet a guard with prisoners. He asked me for a "chaw" of tobacco, which I readily gave him, for while I do not use it myself, yet I was taking some over to the Confederate army for my sons or neighbors. many of whom I expected to find wounded, to whom tobacco would be a great solace. I cannot remove that man's face from my mind when in the Wilderness country, and the mournful ditty will resound in my ears.

Therefore I prefer leaving the Wilderness, even though it brings me to another great battleground (Chancellorsville), over which nearly as much boasting was done as over the first Manassas. We of the South were led to believe that Gen. Lee had but 50,000 men, while Gen. Hooker had over 120,000. We knew that a portion of Longstreet's Corps were detached and down about The campfires of Gen. Grant's army were Suffolk and toward Norfolk, gathering suptelling about having been at New Jerusa-Division who were there have told me that NAT TURNER'S SKULL

of the road when they passed there, but I have my doubts of the skull being Turner's,



THOMAS JACKSON AND HIS UNCLE. vears previous. Yet there is no doubt of a skull having been there at the time mentioned, and they probably put another skull

on when one was blown or broken off. The important officer lost by the Confederate side at Chancellorsville, Lieut, Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, has been written and spoken of so much that I must attempt to cold and dark, alone and alive, this awful night, explain the liking of his troops for him. One writer says: "Indeed, it was not only the military achievements of Jackson that had endeared him to the Southern people, but something pre-eminently great in his character. He was so pure, so noble, so untiring and so brave that all heads bowed to